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## TATTLE.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"HAVE you seen Miss Fanny Murray?" inquired Mrs Spooner of her "grand" neighbour Mrs Caunter.

"Not yet," was the reply.

"Well, you have no loss. She is a keen clever girl, I am sure of that, and that is odious enough; moreover, she is little, and, I think, a *little* crooked; red-haired, gray-eyed, and such a nose! down at this end and up at that. The idea of calling her pretty! Why, she's a positive fright. I don't know when I saw so plain a young woman. Then her manners are forward; she will sit and sing by the hour, before a roomful of company, without the smallest hesitation. It is a great pity, poor thing, she rouges so badly. If a woman, particularly a young woman, must rouge, I think she owes it to society to put it on decently."

"Perhaps," urged Mrs Caunter good naturedly, "it was the heat of the weather which provoked her complexion when you saw her."

"Not at all, my dear madam. I could not be mistaken; indeed I thought I would tell Mrs Lilly, her friend, of it; but, after all, it was wiser to hold my tongue, and, as I have daughters of my own, she might say I was jealous!—jealous, indeed, for Anne and Louisa—of her—of Miss Murray!" The informant paused, glanced suspiciously around the room, as if she feared some one was hidden behind the curtains or beneath the sofas, and then drawing her chair a little closer to Mrs Caunter, ventured upon what few dared hazard with that stately lady—a more confidential communication than usual. "I don't care to busy myself, not I, about what is no concern of mine; but I assure you, she is not the heiress they represent her. Mr John Lilly is her man of business, knows her affairs, and he told Mr Spooner she was left very badly off, and that little considerably dipped—involved."

"Indeed," said Mrs Caunter, interested, perhaps, for the first time in Mrs Spooner's conversation, from the fact of her having a marriageable son.

"Yes, indeed, he told Mr Spooner that even our daughters were better provided for than Miss Murray."

"Very injudicious," observed Mrs Caunter, "for a lawyer to talk about his client's affairs."

"Oh, he spoke in confidence to Mr Spooner, you know; gentlemen will talk over their wine sometimes; only I desire everything straightforward, and I do not therefore like a girl to be cried up as a beauty and an heiress who has no pretension to be considered either."

Mrs Caunter did not encourage the conversation, though too apt at observing and combining, not to be also fond of what is technically called "news." Though by no means uninterested in the question of a pretty girl's fortunes, she scorned to owe her information to a person she despised; and so Mrs Spooner, having got rid of a portion of inconvenient bitterness, in what she considered a judicious place, bade Mrs Caunter good morning with a smile that was unreturned, and went her way.

In a few minutes after her departure Mrs Johnes entered, and Miss Murray, as the last arrival in the country town where the ladies resided, was immediately brought again upon the tapis by a talkative but kind visitor. "I think," said the lady, "I have seldom dwelt with more pleasure upon any face than on that of Miss Murray; the longer you look, the greater number of beauties you discover; then, her manners are so fascinating, kind, and cheerful, without a particle of forwardness; and when you ask her

to sing, instead of making a fuss about it, like most young ladies, she sits down immediately, and will sing you song after song, without the slightest affectation. I am sure you will admire her complexion, it is the purest and fairest I ever saw. The faint rose colour that tinges her cheek is like the blush on the most delicate rose."

"Persons with red hair generally do have complexions more or less delicate," suggested Mrs Caunter.

"Red hair!" exclaimed Mrs Johnes in a tone of mingled horror and astonishment; "who could have told you that? her hair is of a pale—perhaps I might add, a warm shade of brown—but brown it decidedly is, harmonising admirably with her dark blue eyes."

"Gray," interrupted Mrs Caunter.

"They are of so deep a blue, as to be almost violet," persisted Mrs Johnes. "Now, who was malicious enough to call them gray?"

"Different opinions may be formed of eyes as well as of other things," replied Mrs Caunter; "but pray tell me if Miss Murray is little, crooked, and cock-nosed?"

Mrs Johnes cast up her hands and eyes indignantly. "She is, madam," she answered, when somewhat recovered from her displeasure: "She is an inch taller than myself, and I suppose no one would call me 'little.' As to her being crooked, she is as straight as it is possible for any one to be. Her nose is, indeed, retroussé, but only enough so to give expression to a face which would otherwise be tame."

When Mrs Johnes had retired, Mrs Caunter found it impossible to form a just estimate of Miss Murray's person and accomplishments upon such conflicting evidence. She therefore wisely determined to keep her mind free from all opinion on the subject, until an introduction to the young lady should afford her an opportunity of judging for herself. Meantime, she thought it would be advisable to keep her son Edward aloof from the fascinations of the fair stranger, till she could make up her mind respecting her. For her nephew Harold—then on a visit to his aunt—she had also her apprehensions. Mrs Caunter was therefore not very pleased to receive a note from her son, stating that he and his cousin were going to dine with "John Lilly, to meet Miss Murray in a friendly way;" for it was at his house that the reputed heiress was staying. "A friendly dinner, indeed," mused Mrs Caunter, somewhat alarmed; "admitting of all the ease and delicacy of a *demi toilette*, which an artful girl knows how to use with such grace and effect." But this was not all; at ten o'clock Harold sent home for his flute, and at eleven Edward for the music of "*I Puritani*." It struck one before the young gentlemen returned home, and to their real sorrow they found Mrs Caunter sitting up for them. She did not like to betray her anxiety on the subject by asking their opinion of Miss Murray; and a certain something prevented Harold from saying a word about the young lady; while Edward—seeing that his cousin had absolutely, calm and quiet though he was, fallen truly in love with the fair stranger—spared him any observations. So the trio parted in a constrained manner.

"I see," thought Mrs Caunter, "Mrs Spooner, vulgar and prejudiced though she be, was, I daresay, right upon one point: I am sure that Miss Murray is one of your keen clever girls."

How dangerous is the scratch of a poisoned arrow! Miss Murray was, in reality, neither the perfection represented by Mrs Johnes, nor the person described by Mrs Spooner. She was an affectionate, unaffected, gentle girl, with the capability of remaining firm and

steadfast in a good cause; and yet had the power of adapting herself to the ways and manners of those with whom she associated. The neighbourhood she had just entered was new and amusing to her in every respect. She had spent her early days in the deep retirement of a country house, where right thoughts and right feelings have time to take root; and a two years' residence in London had generalised her ideas, without impairing their strength, and rendered her perhaps inclined to laugh at the petty intolerance and overweening vanity of such as imagine a country town to be "the world!" Yet her laugh was so musical of good nature, that it was as pleasant to the heart as to the ear; and if Mrs Spooner's observations had not been circulated, Fanny Murray would have been decidedly as popular as the favourite candidate always is before his election. But I have not met one in a score, perhaps not one person in a hundred, who, however convinced of the worthlessness of the source from which an evil report springs, can nevertheless disabuse his or her mind at once of its influence, and be in feeling as if the evil had never tainted the heart. We all want faith in each other's virtues, and the more we feel inclined to doubt the truth, or purity, or justice of our fellow-men, so much the more should we feel inclined to doubt the truth, and purity, and justice of our own hearts.

Mrs Caunter was not far wrong in her judgment when she thought that both her son and nephew would most likely be captivated, at least for a time, by the new face that had come amongst them. Edward was won by her playing, and Harold by her singing: both by her general fascination. Edward, grave and sedate by nature, full of the dignity of "the son and heir," was somewhat piqued by the light-hearted mirth that paid no respect to his "position in society," and seemed to think all his attentions were matters of course; while the pretensionless Harold was touched by the deep-toned feeling not only of her voice, but conversation, which replied to his accomplished words as if she appreciated the mind of a poor cousin as fully as that of a rich heir.

All the gossips in the town and its immediate neighbourhood were alive with the news that the two Mr Caunters had spent the evening at Mrs Lilly's. Everybody declared that both admired Miss Murray. Mrs Spooner, upon being told this at a very early hour by her good-natured next-door neighbour Mrs Johnes, averred, while every hair on her head bristled with indignation, "that Mrs Johnes must have been misinformed; that she had every reason to know better; that Mrs Caunter had too much good sense to trust her son within the vortex of a syren—a girl without a penny, whose very expectations were involved."

The gossips soon had more food for tattle provided to their never-ceasing tongues. Edward and Harold Caunter had become constant visitors to Mrs Lilly, and frequent attendants upon the steps of her lovely guest. In truth, it was perceived that a rivalry for her smiles and society had sprung up between the two cousins, who were till now looked upon as the Orestes and Pylades of the town, so strong was their friendship. In fact, the "affair" proceeded so far, that Miss Murray's hostess thought it her duty to try and squeeze out of her young friend what her intentions respecting the young gentlemen really were.

"My dear Fanny," said Mrs Lilly one morning after breakfast, "my dear Fanny, I was very glad to see you and Edward Caunter looking over those engravings together last night."

"The engravings are very pretty," replied Miss Murray, while her eyes sparkled with a mischievous mischief, which Mrs Lilly—the most sleepy-headed

chaperone who had ever the care of a young lady—did not either like or understand.

"I was not thinking of the engravings, my dear," she answered; "of course they are pretty, or we should not have paid two-and-two-pence a number to that overbearing bookseller's haggard, who is continually bringing specimens of all manner of arts, tied by the neck in a blue bag. I was thinking of Mr Edward Caunter."

"More than I was. Let me see now, three red stitches and two green," replied the young lady, bending over her embroidery.

"What could Mrs Caunter, the stately Mrs Caunter, mean by calling here, but to sanction her son's addresses?" returned her friend, opening up a new point in the subject.

"She only called to satisfy her curiosity. She could not, stately as she is, issue a mandate—Miss Murray, come and be looked at." So as I did not go to see her, she came to see me."

"You are a conceited little puss to say so," said Mrs Lilly.

"I should be a hypocrite if I thought so without saying it—at least to you who have been so kind to me."

"You will not be kind to yourself, Fanny."

"How so?"

"Why, really, any girl of common sense would have managed a declaration from Edward Caunter before this. The question raised in the town is, which of the cousins is likely to make you the first offer. Harold's attentions have, I assure you, become quite a topic in the neighbourhood; and it does a girl a great deal of harm to have a dangle in constant attendance upon her, who is sure never to be worth a penny—one who writes verses." Fanny bent her head still lower over her Berlin-wool convolvulus; then, raising it suddenly, Mrs Lilly was discomfited by seeing her face one blaze of sunny laughter.

"I really can't help it, my dear Mrs Lilly; but what do I care for the town's people! what do I care for their evil report or good report! what do I care for their being cut up into those microscopic cliques—political, polemical, poetising, and philosophic; and then dividing again and again, until—like the regiment reduced to a drummer—the last particle cries out, 'I am the body intellectual!' I shall not spend my life amongst them, and so for the present they may talk as they please; they may indeed. I care not what they say."

"This is unwomanly," said her friend; "every woman should care, especially about being married."

"Well, so I do care about it a great deal, and for that reason, let me assure you gravely and seriously, that I have not the slightest desire to entrap the grave Mr Edward or his very superior cousin; at the same time, I must assure you, that if I were to marry either, it would not be Edward."

"Then, my dear Fanny, you should not encourage him."

Miss Murray rose from her seat, as though it was now her turn to look angry.

"Nor do I," she replied; "one of the barriers to anything approaching society in a country town is the shameful chatter, the perpetual prying, the watching and whispering, and misrepresenting, because misunderstanding, of every petty occurrence. I cannot, and I will not, shut myself up from every human being, particularly those who are the most agreeable here. It must be perfectly well-known that I do not encourage either of those young men as lovers. If either of them be vain enough to suppose they have led captive my heart, when they have only interested my understanding, I cannot help it. I defy them, or the scandal-lovers of this place, to adduce one single word or set of coquetry against me; there are reasons why I should be above it, and I trust I am so; but I can hardly expect them to understand or believe this."

Miss Murray having so said, resumed her seat and her embroidery, and Mrs Lilly went to the breakfast-room to catch her husband before he went out. "My dear John," were her first words, "I do not know what to make of that girl. She perplexes me. From what you told me the other day, she has really next to nothing, and yet she seems decided advantages in the most imprudent manner. From what I gather from you, it seems doubtful what she will really have, and"—

Mr Lilly did not permit his wife to finish the sentence. "Doubtful," he repeated; "not at all doubtful; it is perfectly certain that after she is twenty-one years of age, she will not have a sixpence she can call her own."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs Lilly; "it is really very deplorable that you never told me this before, for the idea has gone abroad that she is rich. What will they say when they discover the contrary?"

One of Mrs Lilly's strongest peculiarities was, that she could not keep a secret, much less could she conceal from her intimate friends what had been told her without reserve, or any injunctions not to reveal it. Consequently, it soon got trumpeted forth that Fanny Murray would not have a sixpence to call her own after she was twenty-one. For once the town's people were almost united; the literateurs, the politicians, the controversialists of all kinds, sought to be the first to open "Mrs Caunter's eyes," as they expressed it. The schoolmistress carried the tale to the housekeeper's room at Caunter hall; and the milliner and shoemaker sent in "their little accounts" to Miss Murray, with a pressing demand for immediate payment, "as they had bills to make up that week." Every one wondered that she presumed to dress so well, and had the impudence to give five pounds to the charity school, when she might so soon want it herself. While the fact of her being rich or poor was a question, she had a great many defenders; but poverty is a wonderful queller of the *cor populi*. Those who used to curtsy to Miss Murray, nodded; and many wondered "where their eyes were" when they called her a beauty. Still she had not lost all her supporters. The very young, who did not care for wealth, still enjoyed her frank, unaffected kindness; and her voice was the joy-bell to every child who knew her. Several held altogether aloof from "poor Fanny Murray," until they saw "what Mrs Caunter did"—until that great lady made some demonstration by which they could steer.

One evening, when these doubts agitated the minds of the gossips of the town, the unfortunate subject of them sealed her fate by a circumstance which was overseen by Mrs Spooner, who lived opposite to the Lillys, and who had been on the watch for "news" about Miss Murray during a whole week, never having stirred from her parlour window except to dine. It was after nine o'clock, and she beheld Mr Edward Caunter rap at her opposite neighbour's door. He went in—what could he want! Whom did he ask for! Time would show; and the persevering spy determined to be patient. A half-hour passed—nearly an hour—when, lo! the front door opened, and Mr Edward Caunter walked slowly forth—not towards his own home, but in a contrary direction! How very mysterious. The mystery, however, did not end here. Mrs Spooner was in the act of drawing down her blinds, as if to drop the curtain upon a drama which she thought had concluded, when, to her astonishment, she heard a second knock at Mr Lilly's door. Who could it be? She strained her eyeballs to be certain, and the light of the street-lamp revealed to her the form of Mr Harold Caunter entering the house. The affair was now getting serious: the responsibility became too great for a single witness, and she determined to step in next door and convince Mrs Johnes, by the evidence of her own vision, of Miss Murray's incorrectness. That good lady unwillingly consented to join her neighbour in the watch, and two pair of eyes were soon rivetted on Mr Lilly's door. The catastrophe approached. Mr Edward Caunter was seen returning in the distance; and, by a strange coincidence, just as he passed the house, who should issue from it but his cousin Harold! The meeting was manifestly embarrassing; they regarded each other for some minutes without speaking; then they talked in suppressed tones, which gradually became loud and angry; till at last they walked hastily away, and their words and their persons were soon lost in the distance.

"What do you think of that?" exclaimed Mrs Spooner triumphantly.

Mrs Johnes was so surprised, that she professed herself perfectly unable to arrange her thoughts on the subject; and Mrs Spooner—determined not to mar the effect she had produced upon her friend's mind by another word—retired home to her couch, not to sleep, but to lose herself in conjecture, amazement, and indignation.

The next morning brought new wonders. Mrs Caunter's carriage was observed, at the unusual hour of twelve o'clock, to draw up at Mr Lilly's door. It was also rumoured that her footman actually inquired for Miss Murray, and that it was to her the visit was paid.

These rumours were true. Mrs Caunter, on entering the parlour into which she was shown, found herself in the presence of Miss Murray, who did not betray the slightest degree of confusion beyond a deep blush which mantled her cheeks, and then left her paler than usual. Mrs Caunter drew her chair opposite to where the young lady sat, and fixed her penetrating eyes upon her. Fanny neither avoided nor returned the gaze, but waited patiently for Mrs Caunter to open the communication, whatever it might be.

"I go out very seldom, Miss Murray," said the lady, "or I would have returned your visit; but

though I go out very little, I hear a great deal." Miss Murray smiled faintly. "You will pardon me," continued the dignified lady, "I am sure, for speaking somewhat abruptly, as I am about to do, upon a delicate subject."

"Pray do not hesitate," said Miss Murray, with some emotion.

Still, Mrs Caunter looked perplexed. "My son Edward, Miss Murray, has, I think, paid you some attention, but yet not so much as his feelings prompted him." Miss Murray bowed. "And my nephew Harold, too, has, I think, been equally devoted." Again Miss Murray bowed. "I am sorry to tell you, that these attachments have caused this morning a quarrel of so serious a nature between them, that I dread to think of its consequences. Can you give me any clue to this? Is it, or is it not true, that yesterday evening Edward had an interview with you? Do you object to tell me what passed at that interview?" Miss Murray seemed too agitated to speak, and Mrs Caunter continued. "I do not heed the idle and malicious reports of the neighbourhood; I do not care for want of fortune in the future wife of my son, whoever she may be; but I am especially careful concerning her mind and character." Fanny Murray looked so indignant, that Mrs Caunter paused. "I do not, believe me, wish to insinuate anything against yours; but if my form of speech be uneven or rude, forgive me this once. I do intreat you, Miss Murray, tell me what passed yesterday evening."

"Why did you not ask Mr Caunter?" said Miss Murray, greatly distressed; "he could tell you what I cannot."

"But he would not," replied his mother. "I urged him in every way: he was exceedingly angry at my knowing that you met last night."

"It was by accident, I assure you," interrupted the young lady.

"So Edward said; but something must have occurred to make him so enraged, so unlike himself. He insulted Harold in the bitterest manner; and Harold, I fear, is not one to bear an insult tamely."

"I assure you, madam, most earnestly, that your nephew has nothing whatever to do with—what occurred between Mr Caunter and myself yesterday. I told him so; I implored him most earnestly to believe me—and now I do as earnestly intreat you to seek your son and to repeat it."

"You have seen Harold, then, I presume?"

"I have. I saw him last night, after I had parted from his cousin."

"Really, Miss Murray," said Mrs Caunter, "you must permit me to say that this is very strange conduct on the part of a young lady. Edward was here till ten o'clock last night. Did you see Harold after that hour?"

"I did," replied the young lady; "though really you must forgive me for saying that I do not see what right you, a comparative stranger, have to question me."

There was a pause. At length Mrs Caunter said, with some little excitement, "I ask but a simple explanation of what passed between you and my son Edward last night; you refuse it, and leave me impressed in a way I am sorry to be; for I sought to believe, that to the attractions you possess, you added one greater than beauty—ingenuousness. You meet, it seems, my nephew by appointment, and"—

Fanny did not permit Mrs Caunter to finish the sentence. Her cheek flushed to a crimson, which even her slanderers must have confessed no rouge could imitate. She advanced to her visitor with much dignity of manner, and said, "Forgive me if I withdraw. Within a very short time you will deeply lament having joined in an evil report against an orphan girl. I am quite aware that my personal appearance—that what I did and did not do—has afforded conversation for your neighbours ever since my arrival amongst them. At first, I could laugh at this, and hope that it would not influence those whose good opinion is of value. I am grieved that it has influenced yours. You will be obliged to change it; but until you do, I owe it to myself"—Miss Murray paused, and then added with much emotion—"and to another dearer than myself, not to hear my conduct and motives impugned with impunity." Before Mrs Caunter had time to reply, Fanny Murray had left the room. She had hardly got into her own chamber, when Mrs Lilly, all weakness and wonder, curtsied herself into the great lady's presence, offering apologies, without knowing why: having heard something of what had passed, she guessed a great deal more; and Mrs Caunter had not left the house two hours, before it seemed as though some new and extraordinary event had happened to set all the women in the town gadding and talking.



They discoursed about the two Mr Caunters being "inveigled by Miss Murray." "Mrs Caunter carried in a swoon from Mr Lilly's house, after calling Miss Murray the poisoner of her peace," "Mrs Lilly in tears to her husband, and on her knees, beseeching him to send such a penniless unprincipled creature from her house." Ladies, who had never known the eclat of refusing a lover, were outrageously indignant at the idea of Miss Murray having "entrapped" two at a time. A damsel, enthusiastic in matters of sentiment, perpetrated a "little lampoon," just for private circulation, on the subject of ladies meeting cousins after dark. The great literary oracle talked of writing an essay upon the natural weakness of female principle; and the rival M.D.'s agreed for once that Miss Murray looked very like a person who had hereditary insanity. This construction upon the strange things attributed to the poor girl was considered very charitable and Christian-like by several of the best disciplinarians in the town. But Miss Murray might have been even still more severely handled by those worthies, but for the sudden vanishment of Harold Caunter, who was reported to have mounted his horse one fine morning—the morning after Mrs Caunter's last interview with Miss Murray—and disappeared.

Caunter hall was beset with visitors for two entire days after these events; but all who called, even the most intimate, were received with a polite "Not at home." A peep into Mr Lilly's house would have convinced any one that Mrs Lilly was anxious, Miss Murray ill, Mr Lilly amused; in fact, Mr Lilly was not troubled with much feeling. He did not observe that his fair ward was suffering from anxiety; and if he had, he would have thought that, like Mrs Lilly, she would certainly have a fit of hysterics, and got well immediately.

"Have you heard anything direct from Harold?" inquired Mrs Caunter of Edward a few days after his cousin's departure.

"No, mother," he replied sullenly; "but I daresay Miss Murray could tell, if she would, all about him. For my own part, I never wish to see his face again."

"Edward! oh, Edward!" exclaimed the mother's trembling lips.

"To be foiled by him, and fooled by her," he continued bitterly. "I would not, could not, confess it even to you, mother," he continued; "but to be refused by a girl that current report says has not a sixpence!"

"Refused!" repeated Mrs Caunter in utter astonishment.

"Yes," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "refused, and doubtless laughed, sneered at, by every creature before whom the young lady has paraded me as her rejected admirer."

"You do her wrong," said Mrs Caunter, whose nature was far more generous than her son's, though she could hardly comprehend any woman refusing him. "You do her wrong; even to me she would not tell what passed between you, and I now regret that I behaved so strangely."

"What?" exclaimed Edward; "did you see her?"

Mrs Caunter told him the entire truth, and even Edward—loath as he was to suppose how any girl could reject him, but still more how any penniless girl could do so—was touched by the firmness she displayed in refusing to tell the mortifying fact, even to his mother; still, her conduct with regard to Harold was inexplicable. The cousin's mysterious absence was, however, soon cleared up; for while the mother and son were talking, the postman brought a letter informing Mrs Caunter that the writer had gone to meet an old schoolfellow in Paris on business which admitted not of a moment's delay.

Some weeks after, the maids were busily occupied in washing out the areas, rolling up the blinds, and opening the windows of the houses in the principal street of the town that had been the scene of these events: the milk women, trim and tidy, were sidling along with their bright tin measures, and the first coach that passed through from London had rattled through the town: the brightness of the young day was over all things, and the pure fresh air of morning was balmy and fragrant even in the streets of a close country town; when a post-chaise dashed down the street, and, to the astonishment of a group of gossiping servants, drew up at Mr Lilly's door. Out of it sprang two gentlemen.

"My!" exclaimed Mrs Spooner's maid; "if there isn't Mr Harold Caunter, and a grander than he. I must run and wake my missus, or she'd never forgive me." In half an hour, as the servants afterwards declared, "the whole street was up;" and no wonder, for the bells were pealing forth their most noisy music; the clergyman was observed walking arm in arm with Mr Lilly to his house. The whole place was in a bustle: Mrs Caunter was seen to alight at, and once more enter the door of Mr Lilly's house, where she was received by Harold. She was not in Miss Murray's presence one instant, before she perceived that her cheeks were hollow, and her eyes sunken and heavy; that her figure had lost its roundness, and that much of the buoyancy of her manner was gone.

"Have words, unkindly and lightly spoken, done this?" thought Mrs Caunter, when she had a moment to think, which, however, Harold hardly permitted. He hastened to introduce his aunt to his old friend, Sir Felix Raymond, the betrothed hus-

band of Fanny Murray! Family reasons of the utmost importance prevented their marriage until the lady reached the age of twenty-one, whilst, in the meantime, it was necessary that their engagement should be kept secret. Property to a large amount would have been placed in imminent jeopardy but for these precautions. Other explanations followed from Miss Murray's own lips. She had been so fully engrossed by her affection for Sir Felix Raymond, that Edward Caunter's passionate declaration of love took her pre-occupied mind by surprise; and having refused him, she was far too honourable to own she had done so to his mother. On the other hand, Harold's passion received a check, in a letter addressed to him by his friend Sir Felix; "fortunately," as he said, "before his heart was altogether gone." By this he was made acquainted with the secret attachment, and became the medium of communication between the lovers; thus exciting the suspicions which gave Mrs Caunter so much uneasiness by being sometimes seen alone with Miss Murray, and on the last occasion at an unreasonable hour. This interview occurred when at length the reasons for secrecy ceased; and Miss Murray—at the suggestion of Mr Lilly, her man of business—entrusted Harold with some important papers, which it was necessary should be placed in the hands of Sir Felix in Paris.

Thus ended an explanation which cost Miss Murray some effort—from the weak condition she was in—to get through. This Mrs Caunter observed with bitter self-reproach; seeing that if she had been decided in her manner towards Miss Murray, no one would have dared to whisper. She, too, who knew them all so well. It is those who lead in their own sphere of what is called "the world," who have the greatest sins to answer for in those matters. The wedding-day was fixed; but when it came, the bride was in the clutches of a fierce fever. Harold had managed to keep the chattering of the people from the ears of Sir Felix, and had endeavoured with his aunt to work upon Edward, so as to heal the wound his pride and self-love had received, and which prompted him to the not very uncommon revenge of saying as many bitter things as he could of the lady by whom he was rejected. The gossipers—although, of course, their tone of gossip was changed—still talked; and in one of those unaccountable ways by which stories are carried, Sir Felix heard something which he traced to Edward Caunter. A duel was the immediate consequence; and for several weeks Mrs Caunter had to watch by the bedside of her son, who had received his adversary's fire in his shoulder. Fanny Murray recovered slowly, and in process of time was married; but her buoyant spirit had been too severely shattered to regain its elasticity for many years. Mrs Caunter took a dislike to the town, which all Miss Murray's poetry could not remove, though the same fair hand that traced an anonymous lampoon, penned a "bridal sonnet," something about Felix and Felicia. She and her son left the neighbourhood in disgust; and Harold, fine generous fellow that he was, went abroad, deprived of the society of his dearest friend, because, of course, he could not associate with Sir Felix for some years, after what had occurred with his cousin. This is no idle tale—no invention. Who is there that has not smarted from, or observed the effects of gossip-stings, winged by the small talk of tattlers!

#### DR BROWN'S THEORY OF ATOMICS.

CONSIDERABLE interest has recently been excited in the chemical world by the propounding of a new theory of atomics, by Dr Samuel Brown of Edinburgh, and by his discovery of the transmutability of certain substances, hitherto regarded as simple elements, into one another. The subject is one fraught with important consequences to science, and if confirmed by farther experiment, will signalise its author as one of the most successful cultivators of the exact sciences, and associate his name with the highest order of analytic minds. A technical explanation of Dr Brown's theory and discoveries would be a matter of study even to those acquainted with chemical phraseology: to the general reader it might be altogether unintelligible. We shall endeavour to obviate this difficulty as far as the nature of the subject will permit—rather offending against chemical precision, than using a language unknown to those for whom these pages are mainly intended. Dr Brown has already given publicity to his views in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and in a course of four lectures which he delivered before a select scientific audience in Edinburgh during the present year. It is chiefly from the latter that we draw the subjoined synopsis.

Chemistry, like all other branches of human science, has been variously defined, according to the degree of knowledge at each successive stage of definition. It is said to be "the science which makes known the composition of bodies, and the manner in which they comport themselves with one another." Such is the definition of Berzelius: Dr Brown regards its aim as being "to discover the composition and constitution of compound bodies, and to explain all such mu-

tual reactions of sensible forms as end in changing the composition or constitution of at least one of the agents in each case." By this aim to discover the constitution of compound bodies, the reader will be aware that chemists have already resolved the innumerable and varied forms in nature into fifty-five simple elements—the combinations and combinations of which produce all the organic and inorganic structure of our planet. But if the science of chemistry be progressive, if bodies which at one time were regarded as simple have been found to be compounds, and these compounds produced merely by different combinations of still simpler elements, are we not warranted in entertaining the belief, that the elementary bodies in nature may yet be reduced from fifty-five to five, or even to a smaller number! Such has been the belief of most physicists—the half-doubting search of the old, and the ardent aspiration of the young. This consummation of human pursuit may or may never be obtained, but this duty cannot restrain "man's irresistible seeking towards unity;" and that desire towards unity can only be defended and made to appear rational by the propounding of some hypothesis as to the original constitution of matter in its simplest forms. The privilege of hypothesis has no doubt been much abused, but hypothesis is indispensable to the progress of science; it is the only mode by which a number of relative facts can be brought together and separated from another class, in order to advance some reason for their occurrence, and to discover the laws by which they are governed. By the aid of hypotheses, correct theories are at length established; and in reference to the elementary constitution of bodies, the theory now universally received is that of the *Theory of Atoms*.

The atomic theory is the only one which has yet been advanced sufficiently general to account for the action of matter upon matter, and the production of its numerous compounds. The word *Atom* is of Greek origin, and means *indivisible*, or *cannot be cut further*; that is, a piece of matter may be divided until its particles become so small, that they are incapable of further division. Atoms have accordingly been variously defined, some regarding them as "solid points," or as "indivisible nuclei;" while others more correctly regard matter as made up of homoeomeric parts (parts of similar size, form, &c.), not essentially indivisible, but indivisible by such forces as are competent to the division of their aggregates. For instance, a piece of sulphur may be mechanically divided and subdivided, till it shall be all broken up into a multitude of equal particles, incapable of further subdivision, by such forces as have thus far divided the piece, and possessing all the properties of the piece, except such as resulted to it from their own co-aggregation in its form; namely, solidity, fusibility, volatility, colour, &c. This illustration implies, that an atom is neither solid, liquid, nor gasiform, according to the common acceptance of these terms. The theory of atoms, or doctrine of definite proportions, as it has sometimes been called, has been of the utmost importance to the progress of chemical science, and has conferred on its deductions an almost mathematical degree of precision. The hypothetical, which is to be distinguished from the experimental part of the subject, supposes that chemical compounds result from the combination of the ultimate atoms of their constituent parts; that carbonic acid, for example, which is a compound of carbon and oxygen, is formed by the combination of the ultimate atoms or particles of carbon with the ultimate atoms of oxygen—so many of the one with so many of the other. It has been determined by experiment, and the fact serves as the basis of the theory, that a compound body, when pure, always contains the same proportions of its constituents; thus carbonic acid, whether procured by artificial means, from springs, or from limestones, always contains the same quantities of carbon and oxygen; and water, from whatever source, always the same proportions of oxygen and hydrogen. This is a simple statement of the atomic theory, and chemists, proceeding upon it, have assigned by experiment to the ultimate atoms of each of the fifty-five elements, a relative measure either by weight or volume, taking hydrogen as the standard of unity. Thus, if the weight of a hydrogen atom be represented by 1, one of oxygen must be represented by 8, one of carbon by 6, one of nitrogen by 14, &c.—these being the proportions they actually bear to one another. We are not called upon in this place to enter upon the truth of the atomic hypothesis; all that is requisite is to see that it is possible; and the only criterion of possibility in natural science, is the analogy of what is known. The analogy which Dr Brown advances is that of astronomy, where systems are compounds composed of orbital atoms, repelling,



attracting, and revolving round each other, maintained together, yet not in contact; and these systems again but individual orbital atoms in the great firmament. Therefore, in supposing atoms to be the constituents of sensible forms and chemical compounds, he grounds his hypothesis on the constitution known to exist in analogous products—firmaments and their component stellar systems. There is nothing unwarrantable in this hypothesis; for laws of repulsion, attraction, &c., may exist among the atoms of any body, or the combined atoms of compound bodies, quite analogous to those laws which exist among the planetary systems of the firmament. Indeed it is only by supposing the existence of such repulsive and attractive forces between the ultimate atoms of bodies that we can account why some will unite in chemical combination, why others will not, and why some have a stronger affinity for one class than for another. These forces may not be of the same kind with those existing between the planetary bodies, but their results are strongly analogous; and there would be an end to all science, were it not allowable to ascribe analogous effects to analogous causes.

Proceeding upon this hypothesis, Dr Brown introduces a new element into the theory of atomics, namely, that of distance between the molecules or atoms. Hitherto, chemists have treated of atoms as if so near to each other, that their distances could not affect their combining or repelling forces, an idea which Dr Brown sets aside by reference to the laws of astronomy, as will be fully seen in the subsequent illustration of his theory. Chemists have also supposed the union of four simple atoms necessary to give any particle of matter the sensible properties of length, breadth, and thickness. This he considers inadmissible, inasmuch as the earth and moon are spheroidal units possessed of an infinite number of diameters (in other words, have dimensions), in relation to the sun, round which they revolve in astronomical combination. Atoms, therefore, may be removed from each other at distances many times greater than their own diameters, and this distance will become greater or less, according to the conditions imposed upon the mass formed by their aggregation. Suppose, for instance, a cubic inch of ice, at the temperature of 32 degrees, and of the same density of water, had its particles in actual contact, this cubic inch at 212 degrees occupies the space of 1700 cubic inches in the shape of steam, so that the particles in the steam are 425 times their own diameter more remote from each other than when the water was in the form of ice. In other words, the increase of temperature has separated them from each other 425 times their own diameter; that is, the spheres of repulsion and attraction, by which they are hypothetically surrounded, are each 425 times greater in water at 212 degrees, than in water at 32 degrees. But water-particles in ice are not in actual contact; only their first spheres of repulsion (that sphere which prevents the union of individual atoms) are in contact; therefore all the spheres by which a water-particle is surrounded must be 425 times greater in diameter when its mass is at 212 degrees than when it is at 32 degrees. But it may be said, that by this addition of temperature, some change has been effected on the oxygen and hydrogen, of which the water is composed; this, however, is not the case; for, were the elements of water affected by this temperature, they would detrude each other's particles, and appear as distinct substances—oxygen and hydrogen. Steam, however, is merely expanded water. Admitting this new element of distance, and carrying out the astronomical analogy introduced by Dr Brown, it is next premised, that two similar atoms (two of oxygen, for instance) will always revolve round each other in the orbit of centrifugal and centripetal forces; while in the case of two dissimilar particles (one of oxygen and one of hydrogen), the particle of lesser force will be planetary, and the other solar. This will be readily understood by referring to the analogy presented by our own solar system.

Having given these preliminary but necessary explanations, we shall now proceed to the more direct investigation of this new theory. A particle, then, according to Dr Brown, is a molecular nucleus, surrounded by five polar spheres; the 1st, that of repulsion, which is never overpassed in the chemical any more than the first repulsive sphere of the sun in the astronomical operations of nature; the 2d, that of proper chemical affinity; the 3d, that of repulsion, which hinders the compression of a solid body by surrounding forces; the 4th, the attractive sphere of solidiformity; and the 5th, the repulsive sphere of gasiformity. Dr Brown uses the term *molecular nucleus* to distinguish it from both the "point of infinite repulsion" defined by Boscovich, and the "solid nucleus" of Newton; and to indicate that the chemist has no more to do with what is within his ultimate atoms, than the astronomer with what is within the stars. Nor does he mean that there are no more than five spheres of force, but simply that the chemical atomist, contemplating matter under the conditions of gasiformity, liquidity, solidity, and chemical combination, has to consider these five alone. To exemplify this theory, let us first take two homogeneous particles: Two atoms of oxygen revolving round each other on their outermost spheres of repulsion,\* is the smallest

mass of gaseous oxygen; revolving on the second outermost sphere of repulsion, the smallest mass of solid oxygen; and revolving on the third outermost (that is, the first) sphere of repulsion, they would chemically combine and form some new substance. Such is an application of the theory in the case of homogeneous particles; let us take an instance of heterogeneous particles—oxygen and hydrogen. A particle of hydrogen revolving like a planet round one of oxygen, on the outermost sphere of repulsion, is the smallest mass of these gases diffused in the ratio of particle to particle: revolving round the oxygen on the second sphere of repulsion, they would produce the smallest mass of a solidiform compound; but this is impossible, for if the mutual repulsion of oxygen to oxygen, and hydrogen to hydrogen in this state, admitted of such a compound, then there were nothing to prevent them from entering into the more intimate union of chemical combination; and a particle of hydrogen revolving round the oxygen in the third outermost (the first) sphere of repulsion produces a compound particle, namely, water. The latter illustration, according to Dr Brown, makes the action of heterogeneous particles equally intelligible by the old as by the new hypothesis; while the former furnishes the clue to the explanation of a class of facts, for which the old hypothesis makes no provision—the isomerism of compound bodies; that is, compounds which contain the same elements in the same ratio, and yet possess physical and chemical properties quite distinct.

Let us illustrate: Cyanogen is a compound of nitrogen 1 and carbon 2 ( $N + C_2$ ), and cyanide of mercury ( $Hg + Cy$ ) can be decomposed by a certain method into  $Hg$ , and not a gaseous, but a solid substance called Paracyanogen. Paracyanogen is also composed of carbon and nitrogen in the proportion of 2 to 1. What, then, is the difference between cyanogen and paracyanogen? By Dr Brown's hypothesis the solution is at once intelligible: paracyanogen is a compound of cyanogen with itself. Two particles of cyanogen revolving round each other on their innermost spheres of repulsion, produce the new compound particle of homogeneous particles, which must consequently contain carbon and nitrogen in the same proportions as cyanogen. This can be tested by actual experiment. When a compound of heterogeneous particles, such as carbonate of lime, is heated to intensity, the repulsive forces of the particles of carbonic acid gas in the two contiguous particles of the limestone are intensified, till, at a certain point of elevation, they thrust each other from the two line particles with which they are respectively combined; carbonic acid is set free, and quick-lime remains. This happens in all compounds of heterogeneous particles, where the one set of particles is more volatile than the other, else they were not heterogeneous at all. But in the case of homogeneous compounds, such as cyanogen with cyanogen, no such forces—be it heat, chemical reagents, or electricity—can dissolve the combination; and such is the case with paracyanogen. Dr Brown's definition of the five spheres of force is therefore big with suggestions for new discovery; and if this isomerism be the truth of nature, then the fifty-five simple elements of the chemist, which no invented means has yet been able to unfold, may be indissolubly compounded; and of necessity indissoluble by the kind of forces by which experimenters have hitherto striven to rend them asunder. If an atom of boron be a compound of two carbon atoms, it will be impossible to decompose it, and abstract carbon from boron; if silicon consist of two boron atoms chemically combined, then it will be in vain to attempt the separation of either boron or carbon from silicon; and so on with the metals and other elements. Two carbon atoms must be made to unite chemically to produce one boron; and two boron atoms, or four carbon atoms, to produce one silicon, just as two cyanogen atoms are forced to combine to produce one of paracyanogen. The latter is the method which Dr Brown has laboured for the last three years to render easy and effective; and according to evidence which he has already given to the public, and to which he has invited the scrutiny of chemists (but which we could not hope to render intelligible in this place), he has actually established the identity of certain substances hitherto regarded as simple elements. In other phraseology, he has transmuted cyanogen into paracyanogen, carbon into boron, carbon into silicon, and rhodium into iron.

It is therefore evident, that if any one element be transmutable into another by this species of self-involution, it is easy to construct a hypothesis which should represent the fifty-five kinds of (quasi) elements, as proceeding from the successive involutions of only one kind of particles. This brings us to the unity of matter, to which we have already adverted, and which has been more or less the speculative goal of chemical inquiry in all ages. It was the dogma of the Greek physicist, the dream of the Arabian pharmacist, who spoke of "matter gendering with itself," the toilsome search of the alchemist, and the inquiry of latter chemists down to Sir Humphry Davy himself. If the truth of Dr Brown's theory be established, it will undoubtedly light the way to this ultimatum of chemical research. Considering what the atomic theory, or the doctrine of equivalents, as propounded by Dalton, has already done for chemical science (and Dalton's views were merely hypothetical), it were an offence against the rules of sound philosophy to reject that of Dr Brown, unless compelled by the evidence of actual

experiment. To the uninitiated it is plausible, if not convincing; by the initiated it must be admitted, until the results of his experiments are disproved, and his hypothesis shown to be inadequate to the purposes for which it has been invented.

### CRETINISM.

AMONG the mountains, and in some of the valleys of Switzerland, where nature has been lavish of her picturesque beauties, the charms of the country are frequently defaced by the spectacle of an odious form of disease, known by the name of Cretinism. There are some doubts as to the origin of the term *Cretin*, but its most probable etymology is from the old Italian word, *cretiva*, signifying a poor creature; none at least could be more appropriate in its application, for no animated being is so truly an object of compassion as a cretin.

There are, however, varieties in cretinism. Its worst form is that of pure idiocy; next, deafness and dumbness; third, that species of bodily weakness common to Albinos, in which the hair and skin are pure white, and the eyes so weak, that they cannot endure the full light of day; and the fourth is that of goitre, or swelling in the neck. This last or simplest form is so common in some parts of Switzerland, that few of the country people are seen without it to a lesser or greater extent, particularly females. One day, in walking through the public market at Lausanne, where some thousands of peasantry were ranged along the sides of the narrow steep streets, each exposing his or her small stock of articles for sale, we noticed that almost nine out of every ten women had a protuberance not unlike a partially swollen bag on her sunburnt neck. It did not appear on this or any other occasion, however, that the goitre was either inconvenient or detrimental to general health, although certainly an indication of disease. Yet it is melancholy to observe such a deformity, especially when associated with a beautiful person in other respects, or when just showing itself in an early stage on the fair neck of a delicate and happy child, unconscious of its fate.

What is the cause of cretinism in its more virulent as well as its least troublesome forms, has been often asked, and never very satisfactorily answered. It evidently is peculiar to certain parts of the country; yet it also occurs in districts not generally affected, in which case, it is said to be accidental. In very many instances it appears to be hereditary, and we are strongly inclined to think that, like natural idiocy in the small Scottish towns and villages, it is radically owing to a poor kind of living, accompanied with inattention to the proper ventilation of cottages, cleanliness, and other sanitary precautions; perhaps, we might add, the want of any amusement or mental exhilaration; for many of the Swiss, like the rural Scotch, endure, on the whole, a sour, pinched, and monotonous existence. The cretins whom we observed in some of the Swiss glens were usually small deformed masses of humanity, preternatural and horrible in aspect, placed at the doors of wooden huts, destitute of chimneys, and less comfortable than an English pig-stye. That a want of those things which nature demands for her due development is very much the cause of at least the idiotic species of cretinism, seems to be proved by a humane writer on the subject, Dr William Twining, whose pamphlet is before us.\* This gentleman visited Switzerland in the autumn of last year, and having his attention attracted to cretinism, gathered a number of particulars regarding it, and now gives us the pleasing information, that plans are afoot in several cantons for searching into the causes of, and if possible reducing the evil—plans which ought long ago to have been matured and executed by the Swiss confederacy.

The most interesting part of Dr Twining's pamphlet is his account of an institution for the cure of cretinism on the Abendberg mountain, near Interlaken, conducted by Dr Guggenbühl, an extraordinary enthusiast in the cause. Dr Guggenbühl, as we are here informed, is a native of the canton of Zurich, whence, after completing his medical studies, he set out to explore the higher range of the Swiss Alps. "It was not, however," proceeds Dr Twining, "till an epidemic fever prevailed in 1836, that, having completed his studies, he visited a large district of the Alps, in order to ascertain its causes and prevalence. He then became so strongly impressed with the wretchedness of the inhabitants of the valleys, where cretinism was endemic, that he determined to devote all his means, time, and thoughts, to ameliorating their condition. In order to learn the true character of the cretins, he at first selected the small retired valley of Sernf, in the canton Glarus, where he resided two years as a physician amongst them. Having thus well studied cretinism as a disease, he travelled in a very mountainous part of Switzerland to ascertain its prevalence and localities. From this time the subject took even stronger possession of his mind, and the idea weighed heavily on him, that this numerous and miserable class of beings, who filled the valleys, was left to sink deeper in their misery without one effort being made to help them. It was then that Dr Guggenbühl resolved to apply for support to the Swiss Association for the Advancement of Science, and the result was most favourable to his wishes.

\* Some Account of Cretinism. By William Twining, M.D. London: Parker. 1843.

\* The reader will greatly assist his conception by surrounding a fixed point with five concentric circles, marking them 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, as above described.



\* By His Wife. 4 vols. 8vo. 1832-9



creditor refused to admit him, unless he paid the arrears of rent on the spot. The unfortunate lodger would have been driven to spend the night in the open air but for the hospitality of his landlady, the wife of a barber who lived in the neighbourhood. With the feeling of a person who, having brought his poverty on himself, was determined to suffer it in silence, Mathews made every attempt to conceal it, not only from his friends in London, but from those by whom he was surrounded. It did not, however, entirely escape observation, and a benevolent member of the same company offered to advance sufficient funds to enable him to return to London. The offer was gladly accepted; for Mathews, weakened in constitution by want, and depressed in spirits by disappointment and despair, determined to return to his parents, and to spend the rest of his days according to his father's wishes, as a tradesman.

But it was ordered otherwise. In their way to London, the two actors stopped at Swansea, and were pressed by the manager of the theatre to act for one night. There Mathews's success was so great, that, forgetting all his former woes, he accepted an offer to become a regular member of the company, and despatched a letter to his father expressing his altered intention. In the summer of 1797, Mathews, then one-and-twenty years old, met with a young school-mistress, the story of whose helpless youth and early struggles impressed him deeply in her favour. She was the orphan daughter of a physician of Exeter, left almost in penury, but with an excellent education. Though herself without a shilling, and though the young actor's salary was just twelve shillings a-week, he became her affianced husband, and wrote to his father for consent to the match. The answer, which abounded in good sense and feeling, was construed into a full approbation of the marriage, and the union accordingly took place. All farther idea of abandoning the stage was now given up, and Mathews having a several months' interval between the end of his engagement at Swansea, and the commencement of a new one at York, spent the interim with his parents in London. He and his clever, amiable wife were welcomed with as much fondness as if no disobedience had separated the son from his parents, who would listen to his songs and mimicry with a degree of merriment which astonished even the cause of it.

In due time Mathews departed with his wife, to fulfil his engagement in Yorkshire. His reception by the new manager, Tate Wilkinson—well-known in the theatrical world for his eccentricities—was far from flattering. It should be here remarked, that Mathews had by this time become a tall, thin, consumptive-looking person, the twist in his mouth having rather increased than not, so as to bear out the after description of a fellow-performer:—"Why, he's the tallest man in the world, and the funniest. He has no regular mouth, but speaks from a little hole in his cheek." Such was the figure which presented itself to the York manager, and he received his visitor with expressions of chilling discouragement, calculated to extinguish every spark of professional ardour. He declared that Mathews was too thin for broad comedy; indeed, he had never seen anybody so thin to be alive. "Why, sir," he added, "one blow would blow you off the stage!" Under so heavy a discouragement, Mathews made but slow progress in the favour of the public; and here his example affords another lesson to beginners of any profession. Attention to business, even to that of an actor, is a certain motive-power of success; and this quality the young comedian possessed. His humble perseverance, his watchful readiness, eventually overcame all obstructions: his "study" (that is, diligence in the irksome task of committing parts to memory) was miraculous, and he could always be depended upon. By such well-directed perseverance, he rose into high favour not only with his audiences, but with his hitherto discouraging manager, and became the leading comedian on the York "circuit," or theatres in each of a group of neighbouring towns conducted by the same manager.

In 1801, his increasing fame was eclipsed by misfortune; he received a severe hurt from the falling of a platform, and next morning, yet the painful intelligence that his elder brother—the last of twelve brothers and sisters who had been carried off by consumption—was also no more. Nor had he quite recovered from his accident, before his wife was seized with an illness of which she died in May 1802. This was a distressing blow to the husband; fits, to which he was occasionally subject, assailed him with redoubled violence; and on returning to his employment when convalescent, he seemed overwhelmed by the effects of sickness and sorrow. In the autumn, however, an event occurred which did much to restore and cheer his mind: his reputation having reached London, he was offered a principal situation in the Haymarket theatre, London, at a salary of £10 per week, which he of course accepted.

Immediately before leaving York, in March 1803, Mathews took unto himself a second spouse. The lady of his choice—a member of the same company—had been the bosom friend of his first wife, who on her death-bed expressed a wish for the union which now took place. His present partner, a pleasing actress and singer, also obtained an engagement at the Haymarket. The bride, like her predecessor, was received with the utmost cordiality by her husband's family on coming to town in May. His first appearance before a London audience was suc-

cessful; and during the season, he completely established himself as an admirable personator of lively, humorous characters. This is easily accounted for, as Mathews was never satisfied with merely learning the words of his parts; he really studied them. He persevered in diligent observations of peculiarities in other men, not only observing character, but the means of giving his constant observation effect upon the stage. He was a diligent attendant, formerly in York, and now in London, on the proceedings of courts of justice, and a frequent visitor to the House of Commons, to which, when in the height of popularity, he enjoyed the entrée by the kindness of Lord Canterbury, then the speaker. Like an admirable artist in another branch of art, Wilkie, he also attended races, fairs, and, in short, wherever there was a chance of catching up any eccentric phase of human character. For a number of years he remained a member of one or other of the best London theatres, and was received in private life amongst the highest circles of society, including even that of royalty. These were honours accorded to his worth and modest deportment, though it was evident that certain party-giving ladies only invited him for his powers of amusing. Far from obtruding those powers, he disliked showing them off in company, for his habits were retiring, indeed taciturn. He used to relate, that, dining one day at a house where he was little known, except as a public performer, the guests were manifestly disappointed to find him so staid and grave; in short, so much the gentleman, and so little the comedian. At last the hostess, out of all patience with the mere common sense of his remarks, sent him a message by her spoiled child, which was delivered in the words—"Please, Mr Mathews, Ma's compliments, and when are you going to be funny?"

In 1814, an accident occurred to Mr Mathews, which threatened to banish him from the stage; he was thrown from a gig, and hurt one of his legs so seriously, that he was crippled for the rest of his life. The latter result was mainly brought about by his exerting himself as a performer too soon after the accident. It, however, changed the whole course of his career, and helped to develop powers of mimicry in personating—with the most minute exactness—the leading eccentricities of human character, which were never before equalled. After a visit to Paris in March 1815, Mathews gave his first "entertainment," in which he undertook to keep the attention of an audience alive, and their risible muscles in motion, for two or three hours, by his own unaided efforts. Having announced that Mr Mathews would be "at home" on a certain evening, when it arrived, the English Opera House was crowded. The preparations were of the most simple kind. The stage was made to represent a drawing-room, with a pianoforte in it, at which a musician was stationed to accompany the songs. For the use of the performer himself, nothing was to be seen but a small table provided with a lamp at each side, so disposed as to throw a strong light upon his face. The entertainment consisted, in fact, of a series of sketches of real life, so true to nature—notwithstanding a slight exaggeration necessary to make them amusing—that they seemed more like realities than copies. The delusion was aided by appropriate dresses for the upper part of his figure, so constructed—by every article being sewn together—that he could slip each over his head as he required it while sitting at the table, under which the curious wardrobe was concealed. One of the most successful portraits was that of an old Scotch-woman, who was always telling a "leetle anecdote." The songs were descriptions of various adventures, such as those which often happen in a mail coach, at fairs, races, &c.

The public were so much amused and astonished, that the success of the experiment was speedily proved, and Mr Mathews produced a fresh entertainment every year, first in London, and afterwards travelling with it in the provinces, to Scotland, and to Ireland, to amuse the vast numbers who nightly flocked to see him. In 1822 he visited Edinburgh, and received the most marked attentions from Sir Walter Scott, whose secret as author of *Waverley* he had some years before become acquainted with, through a dinner-table indiscretion of one of the printers of the novel. It was, however, quite safe in his keeping, for he never divulged it, or even hinted that he knew it. He was afterwards a frequent visitor at Abbotsford. In 1822 Mathews went to America, where his entertainments were rapturously received. He had, however, another object besides amusing the American public, which was to collect materials for a new budget of trans-Atlantic character and fun. Soon after his return in 1823, he produced his "Trip to America," which was one of his most popular and successful efforts. Much of the force of the piece, it will be recollected, consisted in the actor's representation of a Kentucky man of the true planter breed, who is continually asking everybody if they will buy a nigger—a good-natured glossy black who is in his train; and of his ludicrous imitation of negro theatricals and songs—

"Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer in the death of New York," &c.

Large sums of money were acquired by these entertainments; but unfortunately, the full benefit of his successes was denied to the performer, in consequence of an agreement with a manager before the

experiment was made, to receive from him a fixed yearly stipend, upon condition of all the risk being incurred by the said manager. The term of this bond expired in 1825: after which Mathews's future exertions met for a time their adequate reward, and he entertained the public on his own account. But he was again doomed to misfortune. During the severe commercial panic in 1826, he was a severe pecuniary sufferer, and afterwards lost considerably by the bad faith of a fraudulent banker. Still, Charles Mathews continued to reap "golden opinions of all sorts of men," up to 1833, when he began to feel the ill effects of such constant and laborious exertion upon his frame. These symptoms gradually increased, till, in the year 1835, while on a visit to a friend at Plymouth, it was formally announced to his wife that recovery was next to impossible. On his fifty-ninth birthday, Charles Mathews expired in the arms of his wife, who had hastened to his bedside some weeks previously. He was buried in St Andrew's church, Plymouth, in which a Gothic monument is raised to his memory.

As a theatrical artist, Charles Mathews unquestionably stood at the head of his profession, which he also adorned by the respectability of his private conduct. He was not a mere mimic; he copied peculiarities of thought and mind, as well as of external manners and deportment. On this point we have the high authority of Lord Byron. Speaking of translations to Lady Blessington, he said—"Translations, for the most part, resemble imitations where the marked defects are exaggerated, and the beauties passed over; always excepting the imitations of Mathews, who seems to have continuous chords in his mind, that vibrate to those in the minds of others, as he gives not only the look, tones, and manners of the persons he personifies, but the very train of thinking, and the expressions they indulge in; and strange to say, this modern Proteus succeeds best when the imitated is a person of genius or great talent, as he seems to identify himself with him. His imitation of Curran can hardly be so called; it is a continuation, and is imitable. I remember Sir Walter Scott's observing, that Mathews's imitations were of the mind, to those who had the key; but as the majority had it not, they were contented with admiring those of the person, and pronounced him a mimic who ought to be considered an accurate and philosophic observer of human nature, blessed with the rare talent of intuitively identifying himself with the minds of others."

#### ORGANS.

OF all musical instruments, that which approaches nearest to perfection is the organ. Besides being capable of imitating the sounds of almost every other instrument, it produces the general effects of many when combined to form "a band;" but with the additional power of producing, by means of its base or pedal pipes, sounds of a deeper or graver tone than any single instrument hitherto invented. To describe a modern organ, in a way sufficiently minute to give the reader a just conception of its mechanism, would require a whole journal plentifully adorned with diagrams. But the task is not needed, for there is hardly a town in England and Ireland where ready access cannot be had to the instrument itself in the parish church. In Scotland, where the church-psalmody is unaccompanied, organs are not so plentiful, though they are to be met with in the music halls and public rooms of the larger towns. It is necessary, however, that we should slightly advert to the principles upon which these noble instruments are constructed.

All sounds are produced by a rapid division of the atmosphere; and according to the mode in which the air is so divided, the sounds vary. In some instruments, the violent trembling of tightly-stretched strings, when struck or otherwise agitated, produces the necessary vibration. In others, it is created by the rapid issue of a column of air blown from the human lungs, or their substitutes, bellows, through tubes of various lengths and shapes.† Upon the latter principle it is that organs are constructed. The wind supplied by bellows to a large quantity of different-sized pipes contained within the organ-case, is only allowed to escape at the will of the performer, who, by pressing down the keys of the finger-board (called the manual) or pedal-rack, liberates it from whichever pipe he pleases, and thus the various sounds are produced. The finger-keys resemble those of a pianoforte; but, being frequently more numerous, they are placed in three rows, one above the other. The base pipes are opened by treadles, so that the organist's feet, as well as his hands, are continually in motion.

Organs most probably derive their origin from that primitive instrument which is formed by tying up reeds of various lengths side by side, and known as the *Syrinx* or Pan's-pipes, but to which the less classical term of "mouth-organ" is more frequently applied. This most likely furnished the idea of supplying larger quantities of wind than can be emitted from the human lungs to more capacious pipes, and

\* Conversations with Lord Byron, by the Countess of Blessington.

† A third mode of producing sound is by displacing the air from a dense object, by striking it with another. "Percussion" instruments are made upon this plan, such as drums, cymbals, &c.



in greater number and variety of tone. At all events, we find that the expedient was resorted to in very early times by the Greeks and Romans; and in the tenth century, organs were common in all the churches of the western world, and especially in England. In the reign of King Edgar, St Dunstan gave an organ to the abbey of Malmesbury. An organ was erected in the cathedral at Winchester, by St Elphegus, the bishop, of which the following description is given by Mason in his "Essay on Church Music," translated from a poem by a monk of that period, called Wolstan:—

"Twelve pair of bellows, ranged in stately row,  
Are joined above, and fourteen more below;  
These the full force of seventy men require,  
Who ceaseless toil, and plentifully perspire;  
Each aiding each, till all the winds be prest,  
In the close confines of the incumbent chest,  
On which four hundred pipes in order rise,  
To blow forth the blast that chest supplies."

The translator shrewdly adds, it was not probable that the stout blowers kept the bellows in action all the time the organist was playing, but filled the organ-chest with wind enough to last a long performance, without fresh supplies while it was going on. Such organs as these, though powerful, were of the rudest construction. The keys were several inches broad, and required the force of the clenched fist to press them down; the pipes were of brass, with a compass not exceeding an octave and a-half, or at most two octaves. In 1470, a German, named Bernhard, made an important improvement—that of adding pedals, by means of which the large or base pipes, which require some force, are opened by the pressure of the foot. With this improvement, there soon came to be scarcely a monastery or church without an organ; till a grand destruction of such instruments took place by the Puritans in 1641. They were only banished, however, from places of worship. Oliver Cromwell had the organ of Magdalen college, Oxford, removed to Hampton court, where it appears he often performed on it himself. He also employed a domestic organist, in the person of Dr Gibbons. At the Restoration, it was found that few organs had escaped the *organo-clasts*, or organ-destroyers; and when instruments had to be replaced in the various churches, only four organ-builders existing in the country, foreign ones were applied to and settled in England. About the latter end of Charles II.'s reign, the master and benefactors of the Temple determined to have as complete an organ as possible erected in their church; but not knowing whom to employ, they determined to get it done by competition. Two makers—Smith and Harris—agreed to compete, and built two organs, which were placed in the Temple church. The competition created great excitement. Each of these makers had their partisans, who exerted themselves with such activity, that they proceeded to mischievous and unwarrantable acts of hostility. On the night preceding the trial, the friends of Harris cut the bellows of Smith's organ, so that when the time came for playing upon it, no sound could be produced. This damage was, however, soon repaired, and at a grand competition, Drs Purcell and Blow were appointed to perform on Smith's, and M. Lully, organist to Queen Catherine, was selected to play on Harris's organ. Judge Jeffries was appointed umpire, and he gave it in favour of Smith. This judgment has been confirmed by posterity, for the Temple organ still remains unrivalled for tone. The Templars are justly proud of it, and gave a man, in Dr Burney's time, twenty pounds a-year to tune it every Saturday, and do so now for aught we know to the contrary. Notwithstanding the ill success of the defeated candidate on this occasion, his services were greatly in demand for other churches. The rejected organ was divided; part being now in St Andrew's, Holborn, and part was removed to Christ-church, Dublin, whence it was transported to Wolverhampton, where it still remains. Smith's instruments are amongst the most celebrated even at this day, particularly that of St Paul's cathedral. His son-in-law, Schneider, erected the organ now in Westminster Abbey.

Although great improvements have recently been made in the mechanism of the organ, the tone of new instruments is always inferior to that of old ones. Whether age adapts the pipes better to their office in emitting sounds, or that the old makers were more proficient in what is technically called "voicing" their instruments, cannot be ascertained. A competent authority, who writes in the *Musical Journal*, after an examination of forty-one instruments in London, all by celebrated builders, gives the preference to the "old masters" for beauty of tone. He confirms Jeffries's judgment on Smith's Temple organ, pronouncing it the finest in London. The largest in England is that of Christ-church, Newgate Street, London, but it is not quite finished. When complete, it will have no fewer than one hundred and twelve pipes to each note, each belonging to different "stops"—by means of which the sounds of various other wind instruments are imitated, at the will of the performer—in addition to the tones natural to the organ itself. The total number of pipes will be 4500. It is the largest organ in the world, except the new one at Rotterdam and that at Weingarten, a Benedictine monastery in Suabia, which contains 6666 pipes.

The comparative size of the following organs will give our readers an idea of their power, &c.—St Paul's, total of pipes, 1797; Westminster Abbey,

1524; St Sepulchre, 2500; Exeter Hall, 2187—all these are in London. The Birmingham organ, which is to be enlarged, has at present 2636 pipes; the one at York Cathedral, 4089. The large organ in St Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, was captured in one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, and presented by Queen Elizabeth. An organ has lately been erected in Great George Street chapel, Liverpool, by Mr Hill, who built the York and Birmingham instruments, under the direction of Mr Gauntlet, who opened it (that is, played on it for the first time) last year, which may be termed the English Haarlem organ, for it was built on the same principles, but has the largest swell in Europe; and some of the pedal-pipes are thirty-two feet long. The organ referred to, in the cathedral at Haarlem, is one of the most celebrated of the ancient kind in Europe, and contains nearly 4500 pipes. But a rival, in point of size, has recently been put up in Rotterdam, which has 5500 pipes. One recently erected in the church of St Nicholas at Friburg, in Switzerland, has excited considerable attention. In the year 1818, the old instrument was so damaged by lightning, as to be totally irreparable, and a new one to replace it was made by M. Mooser, junior, a native builder. It has 4163 pipes, some of which are remarkable for the sweetness of their tone, and the exactness with which they imitate other sounds; but in this respect the palm must be yielded to the organ invented by Messrs Flight and Robson of London, and which they entitle the "Apollonicon." This has all the effect of a band of wind instruments, and is, for imitative power, the most perfect instrument ever yet played in public.

We may, in conclusion, observe, for the benefit of the uninformed reader, that in many instances the external gilt tubes of organs are dumb, and intended for mere show, although it must be allowed that the exposure of tubes in any circumstances is by no means consistent with good taste. We should, indeed, like to see all outer tube-work dismissed as a piece of tasteless vulgarity, and the embellishment of organs taken under the auspices of architectural genius. In the minster of Canterbury, the organ is invisible to the audience, and is played from a pew in the choir, by concealed rods in connexion with the instrument. This is a neat improvement on the ostentatious display of a mass of pipes stuck up somewhere in the aisles, contrary to architectural propriety.

#### EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN COMMISSION.

##### SILK AND COTTON PRINTING-WORKS.

THE elaborate and complicated chemical processes by which colours of the most varied hues are indelibly imparted to woven fabrics, give constant employment to children, not only in England, but in Ireland and Scotland. The white silk or cotton cloth having been first prepared—by having the downy filaments singed from its surface; being dipped in a chemical solution (called mordant), and calendered—is passed to the printer, who is always assisted in his work by a child. The ornamental pattern to be impressed upon the material is cut in relief on the face of a block from two to three inches thick, nine or ten long, and five broad, with a strong handle at the back; to which the colouring matter is imparted from fine woollen cloth stretched over a sieve, so as to appear like a drum-head, which floats in a tubful of old paste to give it elastic buoyancy. This is done by a child with a flat brush; and the printer presses the face of the block on the drum-head, so that it may take up the requisite quantity of colour. He then applies it to the calico or silk, which is extended over a blanket upon a flat table, and strikes the back of the block with a wooden mallet, in order to transfer the impression to the cloth. The share which the juvenile assistant—who is called a *teerer*—takes in this operation, appears from Major Burns's report to be not very unhealthy or laborious, though children are put to it very young. One of the witnesses, John Hennessey, only twelve years old, belonging to Mr Swaisland's works, Crayford, Kent, states that he is employed as a *teerer* with his father. "Stand to work. Come to work at six o'clock, leave off at six; half an hour allowed for breakfast, and an hour and a-half for dinner. Eat meals at the factory, cooked at home, warmed here. Places at each door for washing. Plenty of good food, meat, greens, and potatoes. Paid three-halfpence an hour; hired and paid by my father, the block-printer I work with. Work does not tire, nor make me ill. In summer time we feel the rooms hot, but mostly have all the doors open. Feel no inconvenience from the smell of the colours. The blue smells strong. Kindly treated." To this testimony is added that of Jane Kenyon, a girl of the same age. "Work as a *teerer* with Abraham Watson. Stand at work. Work, hours, meals, &c., same as Hennessey. Regular pay 5s. a-week. Paid and hired by Abraham Watson. Not very tired. Don't find the smell of the colours unpleasant. Well treated. My father and two sisters work here."

In some of the departments the children appear to undergo great hardship. In the wash-house, for example, the cloth is put upon large wheels, turned by boys, and immersed in a running stream at each revolution. The children are constantly wet from the splashing of the water even in the coldest months of winter. Friend Sawyer states, on examination,

that he and his fellow-labourers are liable "to be wet from the splashing; wear flannel round the ankle, and a blanket-apron. Once caught cold, and confined three days. Very hard work, and feel tired; my health not hurt. Sometimes so tired, can hardly eat my supper. Earn 8s. a-week. Ours is a large family; only three of us employed; ten of us, so we don't fare very well. Pretty well treated. Don't much like my situation; the work hard, and always wet. In winter very cold, goods almost frozen, can hardly sometimes feel our fingers cold. Like tearing better for the work, but this is more constant pay." The lads in the copper-house, reports the sub-commissioner, "are still more exposed, working chiefly in the open air by the river side rinsing the goods (cloths) after they are taken from the madder-coppers; this is done by the web being hung over a wheel and trailing in the water, the lads turning a winch. At Mr Applegath's this is done under cover, and Mr Swaisland intends covering in the places on his premises also; but even where so sheltered, it must in winter be very cold and severe work. The lads are also employed in spreading out cloth for bleaching in the fields." To these points, John Savage, thirteen years old, speaks thus:—"Work in the fields, laying out cloth for bleaching, also in the copper-house rinsing cloth after it has been in the madder-coppers. (This is done by the web being hung over a wheel, and trailing in the water.) I turn the handle of the wheel. Come to work at six o'clock, sometimes, as this morning, at five, when there is more work; six at night is our regular time for leaving off work. I have worked till twelve at night when much work in winter; it's not been hard work. When working till twelve at night for a week or more together, I find that six hours' sleep is quite enough. Allowed half an hour for breakfast, and an hour for dinner. Eat meals at the copper-house, cooked at home, can warm it. Plenty of good food, meat of some sort every day. Regular wages 5s. a-week; but for every hour before six in the morning and after six in the evening, paid extra for. Work doesn't tire not very often, doesn't hurt my health; am very well. Well used. No beating allowed. Hired by Mr Swaisland, paid by Mr Whitehead of the copper-house. My father works here; he takes my pay."

The employments of children in printing silk differ but little from those of calico-works, only that the Bandana silk-printing employs more young people; a great number of both sexes being engaged in stretching silk handkerchiefs, preparatory to their being printed. Some girls are employed in "cut laying," or placing pieces of oiled cloth on the parts where it is not intended the printing-machine should, in passing along, make any impression; and many others (lads and girls) are employed at the various printing-presses, rubbing colours, drawing back the presses, and other mechanical work. All, however, engaged in-door, seem remarkably well off. The temperature required for printing is from 65 to 70 degrees, to which the shops are heated by proper stoves in cold weather. The premises visited by Major Burns "are clean, spacious, lofty, and well ventilated; heated in winter by warm water pipes to a very comfortable temperature. They are thoroughly drained, and are built on a fine open and healthy situation close to the river." The hours of labour in the cloth-printing business are very many, especially in winter, averaging from twelve to sixteen; but under existing circumstances, it would be difficult to avoid this. There being no protection for patterns, the utmost diligence and exertion are required to have those for the spring and summer executed before they can be pirated by the copyists, who on their part use every exertion to effect this to the manifest injury of those who have the originals, and for which high prices are paid. Were the copyright granted for twelve months, or longer, the necessity for such expedition would cease, and of course the hours of labour be fewer. The wages of girls are from 6s. to 8s. a-week, and of boys and lads from 5s. to 13s.; they are chiefly hired and paid by the block-printers and machine-men with whom they work. In winter, much over-hour work is done; all before 6 A.M., and after 6 P.M., is so counted.

The whole of the people in the Kentish printing-works seemed to Major Burns stout and healthy. He did not perceive any unpleasant effects from the smell of the colours, nor did he hear a single complaint on that score. The operatives in this district, however, are manifestly more favoured than those in other parts of the country. Their moral condition is also infinitely superior. In the print grounds of Lancashire, visited by sub-commissioner Kennedy, the children are declared to have no apparent sense of moral obligation, to be rude in their manners, and to show very little respect for the property or the feelings of others.

Looking at the physical condition of the children thus employed, the reports of the various sub-commissioners lead to the following conclusions. In the English districts they are well clothed and fed; in Scotland, on the contrary, the clothing is in many cases wretched, though in some places they are "respectably attired;" and the food is deficient, that in Kilmarnock the poor creature actually beg about the streets during meal hours. The *teerers* (as well as girls employed in stores, grounders, &c., often expose themselves, without sufficient additional clothing, to sudden change from the heat of their place of



work to the external air. Mr Tancered reports them as being commonly "pale, delicate, and under-sized." In Ireland (Roper's report) the clothing is even more miserable, but the food is better, and the children look "well, healthy, and happy."

### THE LATE MR ARKWRIGHT.

[From the newspapers of May.]

GREAT interest has been excited during the last week among the more wealthy members of the stock exchange, and the banking community out of doors, springing out of the demise of Richard Arkwright, Esq., of Willersley Castle, near Cromford, Derbyshire. This gentleman, it is reported, died possessed of not less than seven millions sterling in personal property alone, irrespective of landed estates. Doubtless, if this report be well founded, or anything like an approximation to truth, which it is asserted to be, it must include and cover the vast sums advanced by him and outlying upon mortgages, which, it is tolerably well-known, run over many of the estates of the large, some of them titled, landholders, in his own neighbourhood, and elsewhere also.

Accepting the reports in circulation in quarters likely to be well informed as approximately correct (and there is no improbability in the supposition, for Mr Arkwright, unpretending and little heard of comparatively in the world as he was, had long among those best competent to judge, been regarded as the most pious capitalist in England), it follows that he was no less the leviathan capitalist of the whole world. As an individual capitalist, there is not one in Europe at the present time who can approach within half the distance, excepting, perhaps, the excellent, no less than wealthy, Mr Solomon Heine, of Hamburg, who, according to general repute, is estimated to concentrate in his own person the representation of money values to the vast amount of four millions sterling. It must be remembered, however, that this sum represents the whole property of Mr Heine, whereas the late Mr Arkwright was possessed of landed estates to the value, perhaps, of one or two millions beyond the amount at which the personality is rated. Immensely wealthy as are the Barings, the Rothschilds, the Hopes, &c., of Europe, there is not, has not been, one that could be placed at all in the comparison; not all the magnificent fortunes drawn out of, with all the vast capital remaining still in, the princely house of Baring would, perhaps, all combined, reach to the amount; not all the splendid capitals of all the Rothschilds throughout Europe together equal probably more than one half the enormous mass of accumulated hoards left behind by the late Mr Arkwright. Out of Europe, the only capitalist who could approach the comparison would be Mr Astor, of New York, whose name will be familiar with all travellers from the massive and magnificent pile of building, which, as Astor's Hotel, has administered to their convenience—a building which, of the description and for the special use, stands unparalleled in the world; with this palatial structure, it must be understood that Mr Astor neither was nor is otherwise connected than as planner and proprietor, and as forming part of his vast estate.

The late Mr Richard Arkwright was the only son of Sir Richard Arkwright, the founder and father of the "factory system" as it now exists. He succeeded to all the possessions and numerous spinning factories on the death of Sir Richard in 1792, then estimated at the value, capital stock included, of about half a million sterling. As the profits of cotton spinning then, and for years afterwards, were counted by shillings per pound, instead of by farthings as now, except in the finer counts, it may be safely asserted, that by his extensive spinneries in Cromford, Bakewell, and Manchester alone, he could not have derived a less clear income than £100,000 per annum. The extensive works at Manchester he disposed of some time afterwards in favour of his managers, Messrs Barton and Simpson, who both realised large fortunes. He gave up the spinning works at Bakewell some five or six years ago only, to parties who, it is believed, had been long in his service; but those at Cromford, near his own residence, he carried on, as understood, to the time of his death. Mr Arkwright, besides various other concerns highly prosperous for the most part, was the principal, if not sole proprietor, of some banking establishments in the counties of Derby and Nottingham. From taste, and not from niggardly notions of saving, he lived without the least ostentatious display. The scale of his household expenditure is supposed not to have exceeded £3,000 per annum, of which the larger portion was laid out upon his gardens, on which he prided himself; so that, by the natural and equitable force of accumulation during fifty-two years, even had not one pound of surplus income been re-invested and made to bear interest, he must still have been possessed of millions.

He was probably the last of the historic names connected and coeval with the foundation of what are now designated the factory and power systems. The fate of those first fathers of the cotton-spinning and manufacturing system who have most contributed to its progress and prosperity by their inventions, improvements, or enterprise, has, however, been very dissimilar and unequal. The late Sir Robert Peel, who may be esteemed the head, if not the parent of calico printing, realised and bequeathed a vast fortune to his descendants. The mountain of wealth accumulated by Mr Arkwright has already been referred to. But Hargreaves, the inventor of the "spinning-jenny," died in but middling circumstances. Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the "mule" frame, which has carried the art of spinning yarn to its greatest perfection, died in poverty, notwithstanding a parliamentary grant of £5,000 in 1812, which melted away through the misfortunes of his sons in the business in which, by means of this grant, he established them. And lastly, the late Mr William Radcliffe, of Stockport (whose death occurred only last year), the inventor of the "dressing-machines," and veritable father of the "power-loom" system (for until the epoch of that invention the power-loom was powerless and impracticable), perished

in almost abject poverty; a fact reflecting no small discredit on the opulent manufacturers of Manchester, who, after plundering him of his invention, by the unscrupulous appropriation of which they enriched themselves, might surely have let fall a few crumbs from their own overloaded tables to comfort the old age and penury of the man they contributed to sink into pauperism. Nor, indeed, is such a melancholy fact more creditable to a great nation, or a government wielding its destinies. The Board of Trade, or the Treasury, did indeed—we record the fact with the deepest feelings of sorrow and shame—at the last moment, through some indirect application, award the beggarly sum of one hundred and fifty pounds. Fast progressing towards his eightieth year, and borne down by age, misfortunes, and infirmity, when the intelligence of this munificent token of national remembrance was broken to him, it proved too much for the suffering old man; it was like mockery upon misery; and so poor Mr Radcliffe drew his last breath on the very day, it is said, but if not, within one or two days after: the one hundred and fifty pounds came opportunely and mercifully to provide a coffin and gravestone for the dead, and save from the scandal of a parish pauper burial.

[The foregoing notice contains, we believe, some exaggerations, but is otherwise substantially correct.]

### A LYRIC FOR LOVERS.

[The following verses, which appeared originally in "Bentley's Miscellany," are handed to us by the author.]

Love launched a gallant little craft,

Complete with every rope;

In golden words was painted aft—

"The Cupid, Captain Hope."

Pleasure was rated second-mate,

And Passion made to steer;

The guns were handed o'er to Fate,

To Impulse sailing-gear.

Merrily roved the thoughtless crew

Amidst the billows' strife;

But soon a sail bore down—all knew

'Twas Captain Reason's "Life."

And Pleasure left, though Passion said

He'd guard her safe from all harms:

'Twas vain; for Fate rammed home the lead,

While Love prepared the small-arms.

A storm arose! The canvas now

Escaped from Impulse' hand,

While headstrong Passion dashed the prow

Swift on a rocky strand.

"All's lost!" each trembling sailor cried;

"Bid Captain Hope adieu!"

But in his life-boat Reason hid

To save the silly crew.

Impulse the torrents overwhelm,

But Pleasure 'escaped from wreck;

Love, making Reason take the helm,

Chained Passion to the deck.

"I thought you were my foe; but now,"

Said Love, "we'll sail together;

Reason, henceforth through life shalt thou

My pilot be for ever!"

W. H. W.

### DE LAMARTINE ON MACHINERY.

M. DE LAMARTINE, the celebrated orator, poet, and statesman, has recently delivered a speech as President of the Council General of the Saône et Loire to the academy of Mâcon, from which the following eloquent observations on the beneficial results of machinery and commercial enterprise are selected. It was addressed in reply to an able speech of one of the oldest and most venerable members of the academy:—

"While listening to your eloquent and ingenious strictures on the progress of the manufacturing system, I could not help remembering that in time past Jean Jacques Rousseau, with like eloquence and ingenuity, argued against the utility of literature and science. The paradox has passed away; the author of it is immortal; and France, after having greeted with acclamations the attacks on the chief source of her glory, has marched forward with a more firm and rapid step in the path of science and genius, and heralded the way to Europe.

Such will be our course to-morrow, after having listened to the protests of the orator against mechanical industry. We shall continue our railroads, and essay new mechanical discoveries. I can understand how the illustrious academician, who has preserved in the maturity of his reasoning powers his taste for poetry and nature, may grieve over by-gone pastoral times, and curse the factories for blackening with their dark smoke the lovely azure of the skies, and the railroads for destroying his youthful rural walks. Yet, even in a poetic point of view, there is more true poetry in the feverish movement of the industrial world, which compels iron and water and fire, and all the elements, to be living serfs of man, than in the apathy of ignorance and sterility—than in that contemplative repose of nature which animates not the works of God by works of man.

You, sir, protest against machinery! Yet machinery forms the artificial hands of the artisan. The spinning-wheel—the very spindle, the loss of which you deplore for the sake of our peasant girls, is but a machine invented by the spinner, imitating the spider or the silkworm. The plough itself is but the earliest of machines, invented by the labourer, that thereby with less sweat he might move cheaply and profitably till the ground.

Invention is man's attribute. The untiring limbs of intelligence are labouring while our bodies rest. The brute creation invents not—there lies their weakness. Man invents—there lies his strength. Beware of blasphemy in cursing industry. It is not corrupt and covetous civilisation which has made man an artificer. Take not from him his brightest attribute.

You say that England wars with the whole world to force it within the sphere of her trade and manufactures. I am not England's accuser or defender. History takes little account of the recriminations of kingdoms. Yet let me call upon you to consider the immense difference between those conquests, violent and iniquitous though they be, made in the name of the industrial principle, and those made in the name of the principles of brute force and war. Wherever the conquering footsteps of Rome passed, they left behind them ruins and deserts. Wherever Tyre, Carthage, and England have passed, what have they left?—colonies, nations, civilisation, new masses of consumers and producers. I join with you in protesting against the unjust opium war with China; but nevertheless, if, to judge of results, I looked beyond, not as a historian who can only judge the past and present, but as a historical philosopher, embracing at one view the probable results for the whole world of civilisation, do I find no compensation for England's commercial invasion of the East? Ponder on this! Who can say that the first cannon-shot fired by a merchant trader in the beginning of the Chinese war has not forced wide the gates of a new world? Who can say if 400,000,000 of living souls are not about to be united with the great communities of Europe? And if the result, gentlemen, should be as I anticipate, how bright the prospect!"

M. de Lamartine then briefly referred to the immense effects produced within the last fifty years from the introduction of tea into England, cotton into Egypt and America, and the discovery of the steam-engine. He then observed:—

"And what, gentlemen, has been the result of these three facts coincident in the same century? The result has been to alter the moral, political, social, and geographical divisions of the world. The result has been the abbreviation of time and space, the fusion of languages, nations, manners, interests, and religion. The result has been an increase of the strength and unity of humanity to an extent which God alone can calculate. The result must be, sooner or later, the realisation of that vision dreamed of for ages by statesmen and conquerors—universal monarchy. But not the monarchy of kings: the monarchy of universal enlightenment, of commerce, of industry.

Let us consider, sir, what manufactures are. Manufactures are the means by which civilisation rises, age by age, discovery by discovery. Shall we then dare to curb, to restrain, to shackle them?"

After gently reproaching his friend for awakening evil passions by his attack on machinery, M. de Lamartine inquires, "What course must we pursue? Must we deny the actual facts of our age? Are we to refuse to resolve the two great problems which providence has placed before us? Are we to stay the busy hands of our artisans, break our machinery, and lay our manufactures under ban? No; we must have courage enough to grapple with the difficulties of the epoch, and triumph over them. The world is becoming mechanical. What then? We must give a soul to manufactures, and guard against that hardness of heart to which those nations are prone who make a god of gold."

Public wealth is under the control of three inflexible, immutable laws—the labour, the right to labour, and competition. All men are bound to labour. This is the law of nature of mind, and of matter. All men have the right to labour freely, and no one to be limited in production otherwise than by the competition of those who labour and produce with them. This is the law. He who violates the law is an arbitrary oppressor, injuring one for the benefit of another; or he who establishes a maximum of labour and production, which not only impoverishes and ruins the state, but oppresses the artisan, depriving him of the most inalienable of all rights—the right to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow. I know that there are parties who believe that they have planned out an organised system of labour, and a division of public wealth, in defiance of these principles. Time only has in her womb the secrets of future ages; but in the actual state of our knowledge, we believe that liberty is justice, and that to dream of a compulsory and organised labour, is to dream of the establishment of Hindoo caste, instead of the advancing equality of the modern world; of the tyranny of travail, instead of independence by freely-paid-for labour."

### THE WIFE'S UNIVERSAL RIVAL.

It must ever be borne in mind that man's love, even in its happiest exercise, is not like woman's; for while she employs herself through every hour in fondly weaving one beloved image into all her thoughts, he gives to her comparatively few of his; and of these, perhaps neither the loftiest nor the best. \* \* \* It is a wise beginning, then, for every married woman to make up her mind to be forgotten through the greater part of every day; to make up her mind to many rivals, too, in her husband's attentions, though not in his love; and among these I would mention one whose claims it is folly to dispute, since no remonstrances or representations on her part will ever be able to render less attractive the charms of this competitor. I mean the newspaper, of whose absorbing interest some wives are weak enough to evince a sort of childish jealousy, when they ought rather to congratulate themselves that their most formidable rival is one of paper.—Mrs Ellis's Wives of England.

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